

BY THE RINGSIDE AND ON THE TANBARK AT THE HORSE SHOW



EXPERT OPINION OPPOSES ADMINISTRATION'S PHILIPPINE POLICY

Continued from fourth page.

followed by a more widely educated generation, and these again be buttressed by the children of the race, who would be generally literate.

"A nation-wide vote might then be taken to decide whether the people desired complete independence, or some such arrangement with the United States as Australia has with England; complete independence in internal matters and a loose alliance with the United States for the regulation of all foreign affairs."

Bishop Charles H. Brent, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines since 1902, said, in part:

"It was not American influence which woke the Philippines to that corporate self-esteem which emerges ultimately in national consciousness. In the sixteenth century a force began to play upon them which has never ceased, the same force which made nations of France and Germany and England and America—the conscious acceptance of the Christ. While Japan was wrapped in slumber and China dreaming of her ancestors the Philippine Islands were awakened by the one touch which arouses aspiration toward nationality as a permanence.

CHRISTIANITY'S WORK.

"Because the Filipinos have, however inadequate their belief may be, loyalty as a people to Christ, they have a hope of national self-realization beyond any people of the Far East.

"The process may be slow, but it is sure. It is not politics that keeps a nation stable and continuous. Politics come and go. Nor is it some subtle genius given to some and denied others. It is Christianity. That which distinguishes East and West is not a distinction of race or color. The dominant (Aryan) West was born in the East. It came to the West and found Christ and was found by Him. Himself a son of the Semite East. That which distinguishes the West from the East is that the West, however inadequately, accepts Christ, and the East does not. The Filipinos are the only people in the Orient who can be called Christian.

"In their Christianity, even though a Christianity which needs to be vastly improved, lies the directing and conserving force of the Filipinos as a nation. The methods are already past masters in politics. What is needed is added character, which comes to those who are given facilities for self-realization through the agencies of civilization, through the agency of the Christian faith. Given that, there is capacity in a Christian people for development. Governmental efficiency will rise automatically with the growth of character. It cannot be forced."

Bishop Samuel Fallows has recently visited the Philippine Islands under exceptional conditions to ascertain the methods and results of American occupancy in promoting the welfare of the Filipino peoples.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE.

"I wished," he said, "particularly to know whether such occupancy had been retarding or hastening the day for their ultimate self-government. Far beyond my most sanguine expectations, I found that the attitude of American influence had been in the right direction. I may safely say that the attitude of the United States government, and of those representing it, toward a conquered and dependent nation is without parallel in the history of mankind.

"The material benefits conferred upon the inhabitants cannot be enumerated.

The building of good roads, the cultivation of waste places, the stamping out of disease, thorough sanitation, pure water, cleanly habits and the like constitute but a partial list. For their mental, moral, social business, governmental and spiritual training I learned that the best efforts of many of our leading American minds had been put forth.

"I heard the president of the Chamber of Commerce in Manila in an address before the representative business men of that city say: 'We came to these islands not of choice but of necessity. We came as missionaries, and therefore we are here not to exploit but to benefit the Filipinos, and as such we must continue our work.' When business men are baptized with this true missionary spirit what of good may we not expect?"

"Among the eight million natives of the

southern seas who became our wards when America replaced Spain in the Philippines about a million are either wild men of the hills or Moro Mahometans. Multitudes are sick physically and morally, and so ignorant that they exist rather than live. We adopted these people—what are we going to do with them?"

"Our occupancy of the Philippine Islands has brought matters to a crisis. Among the savage tribes four great needs are immediate and urgent:

Social. Educational. Industrial. Evangelical. "First—Social. The people must be cured of their chronic ills, such as malaria, hookworm, black fever and the like; must be taught how to live so as to avoid the tropical diseases, most of which are due not to climate but to unhygienic habits; must be helped to found real

homes and maintain civilized communities; must be guided and trained in all human relationships until their savagery is fully outgrown.

"Second—Industrial. They must be shown how to become self-supporting, through mastery of the several trades and occupations that are so favored by the rich soil of the islands; how to reclaim thousands of acres of productive land, and to plant and harvest fine crops of rice, maize, rubber, copra, hemp and other valuable exports; how to build and care for sanitary dwellings; in short, how to free themselves, by the use of their hands, from their present bondage of ignorance, inefficiency, poverty and degradation—a bondage that only the trade school can destroy.

"Third—Educational. The boys and girls must be given practical instruction

for citizenship, and, above all, such ethical and moral guidance as will prevent the cruelty, selfishness and immorality so prevalent among their elders. The reports of the Bureau of Education show an intense eagerness among the native parents for their children to learn to speak and write English.

"Yet only a thousand Moro and pagan children, out of an estimated total of three hundred thousand in the Moro province, are now receiving school advantages. These 220,000 sons and daughters of ignorance under our flag should be on our hearts, minds and consciences until their schooling is provided.

"Fourth—Evangelical. The million pagans and Moro Mahometans must be led to study, respect and finally adopt the Christian faith, because it makes their lives more healthful, joyous and power-

ful. This uplift work must be along constructive lines, free from politics and partisanship. The Mahometan is impracticable to everything but proof. He may not be 'converted'—not at once, but he may be convinced. Our duty is to see that he is convinced—not by old-fashioned exhortation, but by modern efficiency.

"I would not abate one impulse of missionary effort on the part of any Church to go to heathen or semi-civilized countries with the gospel of hope and human progress. But charity—aye, Christian charity too—begins at home, if it does not end there. I know of no need greater than this home Philippine need. If ever there was a Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us,' heard in our own land, it comes to us from these, who are to be our future fellow citizens, dwelling under our own flag, which shall never be taken

down, but wave in triumph over a self-governing people, even as it waves over self-governed people in the states and territories of the United States of America."

AN AMERICAN BRAGS.

James J. Hill, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, talked of the marvelous speed of American trains. "Three men," he said, "a Frenchman, an Englishman and an American, were once praising their respective railroads—for an American will praise his railroads abroad, though at home it's usually a different story.

"Well, the Englishman said: 'Our express trains go so fast that the telegraph poles along the line look like a high board fence.'

"Our rapides," said the Frenchman, "go so fast that the stations along the line seem continuous, like a city block."

"The American puffed at his cigar, thoughtfully. 'Once, on an American express,' he said, 'I passed a field of carrots, a field of potatoes, a field of cabbages and a cow, and the train, going so fast, so darn fast, I thought I saw an Irish stew.'

WARRING FOR PEACE.

"I interviewed Andrew Carnegie in Brussels," said a newspaper correspondent. "The great little man talked, of course, about peace.

"He told me that peace must be preached gently, affectionately. You can never convert people by enraging them. You can't fight for peace.

"He said a peace advocate of the fiery, virulent, bitter school made a speech one night at a banquet in Pittsburgh, and when he'd finished an old man shook him by the hand and said:

"That was a fine speech, sir." "Thanks. Glad you like it." "Yes," said the old man, "I liked it first rate, but, excuse me, sir, what are you for—peace or war?"

NO CHANGE.

The Prince of Monaco, who, having had both an English and an American wife, knows whereof he speaks, said of marriage at a dinner at Sherry's in New York:

"Through marriage a Frenchwoman gains her liberty, an Englishwoman loses hers, and an American woman—"

The prince paused and looked quizzically about him. "Yes? The American woman?" said a debutante.

"The American woman," ended the prince, "continues to do as she likes."

ONE REASON.

Frederick Townsend Martin, the well known writer and social leader, was asked at a dinner in New York if he could account for the enormous number of bachelors.

"Mr. Martin stroked his mustache and smiled.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "a bachelor, you know, is a man who never has to answer questions that he doesn't want to answer."

FLOORED.

A crabbed old misogynist said to Ethel Barrymore at a dinner in Bar Harbor: "Woman! Feminism! Suffrage! Bah! Why, there isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than intelligent."

"That's because," said Miss Barrymore calmly, "so many men are stupid while so few are blind."

SPIRIT OF ARMY AND NAVY AS INSPIRATION IN GRIDIRON STRIFE

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the States. It is but an outcropping of the same indomitable spirit that has led these men from victory to victory, wreathing their academies in laurels everlasting.

This spirit is the keynote of the service teams. It does not exist outside of these two academies. Those who have never worn the cadet gray or the midship blue cannot appreciate this, but if they should once watch the Army's or the Navy's team in action, the wonder would be dispelled from their souls.

Let the doubters listen to the cheers which ring the stands urchin teams to battle, their voices blend into something that differs from the ordinary college yell, there's a subtle galvanism in them that makes both the team and the spectator feel that every man is fighting almost as hard as if he were actually playing. During the Army-Navy game in 1908 some one on the Army stand started the battle-cry, "Fight! Fight! Fight!" and on the moment the entire cadet corps took up the slogan and throughout the rest of the game the vast amphitheatre rang with the stirring words.

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In the West Point Cemetery, a stone is thrown from where George Custer sleeps, there is a green mound, marked by a plain granite headstone bearing the name of Eugene Alexis Byrne, who died at the Post in 1909. Late in October of that year the Army team gave battle to Harvard. Time and time again did Byrne at left tackle meet Harvard's onslaughts with a fury that amazed those he faced; three times did five men in wedge formation endeavor to crush past him. After the third attack he lay still, his neck was broken, and the next morning, Sunday, just as the morning gun called the corps to the duties of the Sabbath, his spirit answered the call of the Great Captain, and West Point bowed her head in grief.

His last words, "Did we win?" evinced the spirit that clothed his clean soul. It

was the spirit of Old West Point imbued in his being, that even in death gleamed brightly, recalling his love of Alma Mater. Had he been one of those who, though dying, withstood the shock of Gettysburg's high tide and flung back the flower of the Confederacy, could he have done more for his country, for the institution he loved so well? In Byrne was embodied the spirit of West Point's athletics. Most befitting is it that he should now rest in his cadet gray within call of that great chieftain who, when Duty beckoned, dyed Montana's plains with his brave blood.

Two weeks before Byrne's death, Midshipman Earl Wilson had sustained a similar injury at Annapolis in the

game with Villanova. But Wilson clung to life with that grim grit that has made our soldiers and sailors famous the world over. He would not die, he had just begun to fight when his neck snapped, and he held on, hopeful, cheery, though Death stood off and beckoned to him ever so often. Five months passed and then, when the winter winds came crooning down the Chesapeake, he gave up the fight, laid down his arms, and went to join the long roll of heroes whose names are written on the walls of his Alma Mater.

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MAKING GUARDIANS OF STREET SAFETY

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the talk on the dangers of "hitching on" wagons and cars or ball playing in congested streets.

The point of view of the motorman and conductor was also brought home to the children and an attempt made to show them that in "hitching on" either to cars or other vehicles they were being un-sportsmanlike and unfair to others, in addition to being reckless of their own safety.

In one school, in a session at which both very small boys and the older ones happened to be present, the question of "hitching on" came up as usual, and a little seven-year-old raised his hand eagerly. Being permitted to speak, he announced breathlessly:

"I-I-I never hitch on trolley cars!" "Don't you?" bellowed the lecturer. "No, ma'am. I-I-I can't catch 'em!" "No, ma'am. I-I-I can't catch 'em!" The children always enjoy that story.

The children always enjoy that story. As there is a moral safely tucked away in it it is frequently told—the personal responsibility of the big boys not to send an example which may prove dangerous to the little ones who are not big enough "to catch 'em." The "big" boys, it may be announced, are always those boys to whom the lecturer is speaking at the time; they are almost men, and must be big brothers and take care of the little ones.

It is with this idea that the patrol system has been organized. From the older children twelve or twenty-four are selected to constitute a patrol. They wear green and gold badges, and their

duty is to look out for the younger children and warn them against any recklessness which may be observed. To be of the patrol is an honor, and carries with it the necessity for extremely circumspect behavior if one's influence is to be of weight with others. But the main idea

Colonial Exhibition

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the base of another American eagle is standing over the shattered arms.

There is a black basalt of Catherine II of Russia, who, in 1775, refused to hire out her troops for service in America and advised George III to make peace with his colonies.

Silhouettes of portraits of "Miss La Roche and Miss Hare" in black on white plaster in original square block ornate frames, are specially interesting, because they were done by Mieris, the most noted silhouette artist in London during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

He was one of the famous family of Dutch painters. Minuteness of execution is carried to the highest point in his pictures, his coloring is as clear and delicate as it is deep and rich, and in the art of painting velvet, satin and other rich stuffs he was unsurpassed.

The exhibition has been made possible through the co-operation of the owners of the curios with Mrs. James Creelman, chairman of the portrait loan exhibition committee, the other members of which are Mrs. Willis E. Hall, Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Miss Irwin-Martin and Mrs. Robert T. Haines Halsey.

has been to impress each child with a sense of his personal responsibility in the matter of being alert and thinking when he is "running his machine."

The work is still new and beset with difficulties. In a school with a registration of 5,000 children, for instance, all the children were reached in five twenty-minute talks, the assembly room seating a thousand. In another school of only 1,400 enrollment, there being no assembly room, the lecturer gave seventeen talks the first day, ten the second and eight the third before the school was finished. In spite of these setbacks, however, between March 13 and July 1 194 schools were visited in Brooklyn alone, and 270,000 children were reached.

And, altogether, the results, even after this brief period, would seem to have amply justified the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company and the Museum of Safety in their humane and progressive campaign of education.

SHE SHOWED IT.

Senator Lodge said of a lobbyist whose lobbying had failed:

"He tried to accept defeat with urbanity, but unconsciously he showed his chagrin. Poor chap, he resembled Mrs. Smythe."

"Mrs. Smythe called on a friend, expecting to be asked to stay to luncheon. But the friend didn't ask her, and so Mrs. Smythe, secretly much disappointed and put out, rose to go."

"She didn't intend in the least to show her regret, but involuntarily, as she put out her hand, she said:

"Well, goodbye, dear Mrs. Luncheon!"

And to the victors, the frantic horde of blue or gray that will rush on to the field and howl exultantly, there will be the added satisfaction that their team won squarely, and to the vanquished there will be a meed of consolation in knowing that their team lost as men should lose, without bitterness to its conquerors. Navy ten, Army seven; so stands the record of seventeen Army-Navy contests, clean-fought from beginning to end. The Army is frothing to make the score a little more even, and the Navy is avid to make it the opposite.

"We're all for the Navy, she's got the right team."

"She's got the right spirit, she's got the right team."

"She's got the right coaches, she's got the right men."

"She's got to make good for the Navy again—So-o-o."

Rip up the Army team, tear up the Army team, smash up the Army team—

Fight, Navy, Fight!"

And the middies mean every word of it, but from the Highlands comes back the challenge:

"Army, Army, you're a wonder."

You will know the Middies under, Win this game without a blunder, for

You've got to win, you've got to win! And down that Navy, down that Navy. It's for the honor of the Army!

Our team, by thunder, sure is a wonder. Never a blunder, we play football. Well!

We will show under the Navy, by thunder!

This is the Army team!"